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A

POEM

Occasioned by the

Sudden Death

OF THE

REVEREND

Dr. *WILLIAM BATES.*

Humbly Offer'd to His Memory.

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Occasioned by the

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THE following Verses (which were Written in an Agony of Just Sorrow for so Great a Dea have been ever since delay'd, in Expectation of a Be Performance on the Subject.

A

POEM

On the Reverend

Dr. William Bates.

OFT does the Afflicted *Muſe* attempt to Sing
Great *Bates* thy *Death*, but flags th' endeavouring Wing:
She knows not how to manage her Surprize,
Or let my *Tongue* take notice of my *Eyes*,
But *Artleſs* Tears deſcend in Briny Showers,
And quench *Her* Vital Fire, and drown Her Powers.
Grief, heavy Grief, ſits on my lab'ring Breaſt,
And will not let me *Speak*, nor let me *Reſt*.
O that with Sorrow equal to his Worth,
I could dilate the *Tidings* round the Earth!
Albion ſhould hear, and every diſtant *State*,
Within the Univerſal Bill of *Fate*,
Should know that *Bates*, th' Immortal *Bates*, is flown
All on a ſudden! In a Moment gone!
Some mighty *Buſineſs* wanted him in Heaven,
Something wherein his *Judgment* muſt be given,
How to Exalt *their* Maker's endleſs Praiſe,
And from his *Attributes* new Wonder raiſe.
Oft had the liſtning *Angels* heard him *Teach*
Theſe Things on *Earth* in their Seraphick Speech,
And now to *Heav'n* their Voted *Member* fetch.

His ripen'd *Virtues* could no longer ſtay,
But in *Elijah*'s *Chariot* haſte away,
*W*ithout the Grievance of a ſlow *Decay*.

But who, Ah! who can follow in his Steps?
Who can renew the *Good* for which *he* weeps?
† 2 King. 2. 14. I fear his † *Mantle* is not to be found,
To ſtop the rapid *Streams* in which we're drown'd:
This is our laſting Argument of *Grief*,
That *Sorrow now muſt be its own Relief*:
And ev'n our *Tears*, Great *Man*, fall ſhort of thee,
We want thy *Self* to write thy *Elegy*:
Thy tuneful *Accents*, and thy flowing *Senſe*,
Majeſtick *Stile*, prevailing *Eloquence*;
Thoſe Thouſand Beauties which for Ever ſhine
Throughout thy *Works*, and prove them to be *thine*,
(That is) which prove them to be all *Divine*,
Thoſe *Gifts* we want, but thoſe with thee retired,
And we are by a Gloomy *Power* inſpired;
A Mournful *Genius* revels in our Thought,
And our ſwoln *Lungs* with blackeſt Sighs are fraught:
For thee we ſtruggle with perpetual Sighs,
Storms in our Hearts, and Floods upon our Eyes,
And not a *Muſe* can regulate our Woe,
Or lend aſſiſtance to one painful *Throe*.

Far off methinks I ſee the drooping *Nine*,
In ſad Conſult about the Great *Deſign*;
Each taking to her ſelf her ſeveral Part,
In order to reduce Tumultuous *Woe* to *Art*;
But all in vain, their *Vehicle* is Dead,
And their Conceived *Thoughts*, are Thoughts that can't be *ſaid*.

His *F I N I S.*